

**HOW THE SLAVES OF WANT FARE
WHILE THE COLD IS WITH US.**

There was more suffering in New York during the cold snap that lately ended than in

A woman with a shawl about her head:
"I'd like some coal, if you please."
"Where's your husband?"
"He's at work and couldn't come."
"We can't give coal to people whose hus-

that was probably in some pawnshop. A light, short overcoat was buttoned tightly above the lapels, a woollen scarf had been stuffed in to supply warmth that should have been given by a shirt front, presumably lacking. He spoke low and twiddled his fingers in embarrassment as he talked. A haggard look

spots of gold—the tops of the hills just touched with the last light from the setting sun. I turned west on the trail, as it was becoming quite dark, and reached the camp at 10 o'clock, after the moon had risen and was throwing the shadows to the west, more dark, strange, and weird than those made by the afternoon sun.

**THE WORK OF SEVENTEEN HOURS IN
THE GREAT CHURCH.**

The lady is the wife of a wealthy merchant, and the infant was born within the shadow of the half-finished spire of the cathedral a few weeks ago. The father of the baby and two of his relations are also in the party. They take their places by the side of the three little charity charges, and with the same holy water, out of the same bowl, the quartet so miraculously saved.

holding him immotile, with his revolver he shot the other man, whose name is Bamble, twice, inflicting wounds from which he has since died. The two men are found to have belonged to a gang of thieves which has been systematically raiding hog pens in that section. Tiorson will probably not be arrested, and his neighbors talk of giving him a gold watch. Both Holt and Bamble, who leave at 10 o'clock,

From the Atlanta Constitution.
It was very dull at Cottonboro du-

all will eventually, and then prize flight
come to an end, for then it will be too
for one man to knock another out, for
they do I shall be the greatest fighter
world, for although they cannot hurt, I
punish them all that I want to, and
them out when I please. Well, good
I see that you are busy. I'll drop in to-

A Brilliant Ceremony with a Lo-

This class included some actors of very talent, who later obtained recognition. John Brooke Pankett, one of the oddest film managers, was the authority for the moment that even cinema's Tom Brooke lay on foot, leaving a load of costumes that weighed down an ordinary shipping port. All alike played in the legitimate and

[illegible]
